Boy. Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,
And quite diuorce his memory from his part.
Quee. Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,
The reſt will ere come in, if he be out.
Theres no ſuch ſport, as ſport by ſport orethrowne:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So ſhall we ſtay mocking intended Game,
And they well mockt, depart away with ſhame. *Sound.*
Boy. The Trumpet ſounds, be maskt, the maskers come.

Enter Black-moores with muſicke the Boy with a ſpeech, and the reſt of the Lords diſguiſed.

Page, All haile the richeſt Beauties on the earth.
Ber. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.
Pag. A holy parcell of the faireſt dames that euer turn'd their backes to mortall viewes.
The Ladies turne their backes to him.
Ber. Their eyes villaine, their eyes.
Pag. That euer turn'd their eyes to mortall viewes. Out
Boy. True, out indeed.
Pag. Out of your fauours heauenly ſpirits vouchſafe Not to beholde.
Ber. Once to behold, rogue.
Pag. Once to behold with your Sunne-beamed eyes, With your Sunne-beamed eyes.
Boy. They will not anſwer to that Epithite,
You were beſt call it daughter beamed eyes.
Pag. They doe not marke me, and that brings me out.
Bero. Is this your perfectneſſe? be gon you rogue.
Roſa. What would theſe ſtrangers?
Know their mindes *Boyet.*
If they doe ſpeake our language, 'tis our will
That ſome plaine man recount their purpoſes.
Know what they would?
Boyet. What would you with the Princes?
Ber. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſ. What would they, ſay they?
Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſa. Why that they haue, and bid them ſo be gon.

Boy.

Boy. Shee ſayes you haue it, and you may be g
Kin. Say to her we haue meaſur'd many mile
To tread a Meaſure with you on the graſſe.
Boy. They ſay that they haue meaſur'd many
To tread a Meaſure with you on this graſſe.
Roſa. It is not ſo. Aske them how many inch
Is in one mile? If they haue meaſur'd many,
The meaſure then of one is eaſlie told.
Boy. If to come hither you haue meaſur'd mil
And many miles: the Princeſſe bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill vp one mile?
Ber. Tell her we meaſure them by weary ſtep
Boy. She heares her ſelfe.
Roſa. How many weary ſteps,
Of many weary miles you haue ore-gone,
Are numbred in the trauell of one mile?
Bero. We number nothing that we ſpend for
Our dutie is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may doe it ſtill without accompt,
Vouchſafe to ſhew the Sunſhine of your face,
That we (like ſauages) may worſhip it.
Roſa. My face is but a Moone and clouded to
Kin. Bleſſed are clouds, to doe as ſuch clouds
Vouchſafe bright moone, and theſe thy ſtars to
(Thoſe clouds remoued) vpon our watrie eyne.
Roſa. O vaine peticioner, beg a greater matter
Thou now requeſts but Mooneſhine in the water
Kin. Then in our meaſure, vouchſafe but one
Thou bid'ſt me begge, this begging is not ſtrang
Roſa. Play muſicke then, nay you muſt doe i
Not yet no dance: thus change I like the Moone
Kin. Will you not dance? How come you thu
Roſa. You tooke the Moone at full, but now
Kin. Yet ſtill ſhe is the Moone, and I the Man
Roſa. The muſicke playes, vouchſafe ſom
Our eares vouchſafe it.
Kin. But your legges ſhould doe it.
Roſ. Since you are ſtrangers, and come heere
Wee'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dan